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An Anti-Infidel Champion

('The Christian.')

Known and loved in both old and new worlds, Horace L. Hastings was a diligent servant of Christ, and eternity alone will declare the results of his influence and labor among the men and women of the past generation. Our friend was a descendant of Thomas Hastings, who left the Old World for the New in 1634, and whose family numbered men of great distinction in Church and State. On his mother's side the lamented evangelist and editor, whose career we purpose briefly to outline, had the blood of the Scottish Hamiltons and Knoxes, who also settled in New England in the seventeenth century. Hence the vigor of English Puritanism and the boldness of Caledonian Presbyterianism, in combination with noble traditions, religious and educational, found expression in the lives and characters of men and women of several generations. All these forces seemed to meet in the person and career of the one who has just entered into rest.

Mr. Hastings was born in 1831 at Blandford, Mass., and, from his youth up, was a voracious reader. His mind was early stored wtih history and poetry; his heart was set upon sublime themes and sober purposes; and there was a strong dash of humor, first in his conversation, later in his public speaking and writing. For four successive generations his immediate ancestors had been preachers, so it was not strange that before he was eighteen he 'graduated' from farm and saw-mill, and entered upon evangelistic work, using voice and pen and printing press ever since.

A man of noble presence and genial personality, with a powerful yet sympathetic voice, he was capable of commanding the attention of large audiences, whether speaking indoors or out. He travelled hundreds of thousands of miles on both sides of the Atlantic, and spoke thousands of times in the chief cities of America and Great Britain, in highways and byways, theatres, steamships, tents, churches—wherever he could find people willing to listen to the words of truth. Avoiding disputes about dead issues, adopting as his motto, 'No creed but the Bible, no master but Christ, no name but Christian,' he found open doors among religious people of all classes, and large assemblies listened to him.

Mr. Hastings began the publication of tracts as far back as 1853, and as the years passed he continued to write and print religious books, for the most part small, handy treatises. He developed a remarkably racy style, which was ever at the command of Gospel appeal, temperance advocacy, and social purity. For over thirty years he edited a monthly paper in Boston, U. S. A., called 'The Christian,' also a series of essays entitled 'The Anti-Infidel Library.' In a statement of his publishing labors recently drawn up, we read that he had issued an unknown number of papers, books, tracts, and pamphlets, of which, during the last forty years, probably eight hundred tons have been scattered in every quarter of the earth.

His anti-infidel pamphlets and leaflets deserve more than a passing mention. Some fifty in number, they included 'Nuts for Sceptics to Crack,' 'Friendly Hints to Candid Sceptics,' 'Was Moses Mistaken?' 'Atheism and Arithmetic,' 'Who Made the New Testament?' and 'Infidel Testimony concerning the Truth of the Bible.' Though these have proved of great service in the conflict with unbelief, they are less famous than the well-known lecture, 'The Inspiration of the Bible; or, Will the Old Book Stand?' This sterling booklet has been translated into a score or more of languages, and attained a circulation of millions of copies. In controversy Mr. Hastings was well at home, but he knew where to draw the line. His controversy was, for the most part, with 'them that are without,' and to such he lectured on God and his claims, and the Gospel with its urgent demands. As regards Christian people, he was in the habit rather of calling them to

THE LATE MR. H. L. HASTINGS.

consistency of life than of 'correcting' them on disputed points of theology. 'No name but Christian' was not a mere precept with him, but a principle by which to be guided in every department of life and ministry.

For some time Mr. Hastings stood forward in another controversy. In 1888, when no one was allowed to preach the Gospel upon the public grounds of the city of Boston, without a permit from a functionary who invariably refused to grant such permits, Mr. Hastings entered upon the work of outdoor preaching on Boston Common. For this he was prosecuted, and sent to prison. Through this bold action on the part of Mr. Hastings, public feeling was aroused, and the government which stood committed to such limitations and conduct was overturned. As a result, to use Mr. Hastings' own words: 'The preaching of the Gospel on Boston Common is no longer entirely prohibited by the mandate of foreign-born rumsellers and their ecclesiastical superiors; and from this imprisonment for outdoor preaching, and other connected occurrences, not only has outdoor preaching greatly increased, but a protest against foreign dictation has been started which has spread across the continent, and produced results both momentous and far-reaching.'

Mr. Hastings was the author of many hymns, which Christians have long read with profit, and in some cases sung with pleasure. The best-known of all is that beginning—

Shall we meet beyond the river,
Where the surges cease to roll?

He has left a wife, who had been a true helpmeet for well-nigh forty-six years. With two sons and a daughter, Mrs. Hastings continues the publishing work in which, during such a long period, she has borne so large a part. Interesting glimpses of her remarkable life, and of the methods pursued by her husband and herself in the Lord's vineyard, are given in a book from her pen, entitled, 'Pebbles from the Path of a Pilgrim.'

One of the most striking tributes to the goodness and industry of the departed laborer appeared in 'The Evangelical,' of Harrisburg, Pa., on Oct. 31, from the pen of the Rev. H. B. Hartzler. We make a brief extract:—

'His constant motto was, "I must work the works of him that sent me while it is day: the night cometh." He lived for others. The most intimate friends could know only in part what burdens he bore in silence, what deep soul-travail he experienced in the fellowship of the sufferings of Christ. His was a life of privation, exposure, self-denial, indomitable devotion, and herculean toils. The wonder is that the bent bow did not break long ago.

'Little did I think that we should meet on earth no more, when last we sang together, from his "Songs of Pilgrimage," these words and music of his own composition:—

"Farewell, the parting hour has come,
The sad word must be spoken,
But still our hearts are linked with bond
That never can be broken.
Redeemed in Christ, in Him made one,
Not death nor hell can sever;
The bonds of love that He hath bound,
Have made us one for ever."'

Quan Lee.

(By Floy L. Crosby.)

The surroundings presented a curious aspect to the eastern girl. The room was long and low; its walls and woodwork were very dark and the only things that relieved their bareness were a few illuminated texts, and the grotesquely distorted shadows of human heads. Across the room extended a long table on which were several lamps and a number of school books, and around which were gathered a dozen or more sober-faced Chinamen intent upon their evening lessons.

Outside, the wild autumn wind whistled around the old mission building, rattled the open shutters, and, catching trailing sprays of passion vine, tossed them against the lighted windows as if to divert the attention of the little group within.

But the work of the evening went steadily on. One by one the pupils brought their books to the sweet-faced little lady at one end of the table and recited their les-

sons, while the others continued studying, the most of them, after the fashion of their country, aloud. The girl who had been visiting the teacher of the mission school, leaned back in her chair and let her eyes wander over the group, and listened to the confused murmur of voices. Some of the pupils were young—scarcely grown—while others, with brown wrinkled visages, had evidently borne the burden of years till its weight was sapping their strength, yet all seemed intent upon learning, and studied with a patient perseverance which went far toward overcoming any natural slowness. Some of them were slowly groping their way through the short words and sentences of time-worn first readers, while others were reading more advanced books, and a few were studying Bibles or histories.

It was a picture not easily forgotten, the yellow faces, the loose Chinese garments, the long queues, the work-hardened hands that slowly turned the leaves, and the ghostly silhouettes on the wall.

The girl fell to wondering if the long years of faithful toil which the little lady had spent here had resulted in much good; the pupils seemed so ignorant and so incapable of sublime or holy thoughts. A boy near her was reading in a strong musical voice, and the words came to her clearly: 'To-day if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts.' Perhaps, after all, this sin-stained race had God-given souls that could be touched by divine love.

The little lady looked up from the copy she was writing for a gray-haired man, and said softly to the girl, 'Will you help Quan Lee a little? He is studying his Sunday-school lesson and cannot understand much of it alone.'

Taking up a Bible the girl sought the pupil indicated. He sat alone at the end of the table poring over a soiled lesson quarterly, while with one bony hand he shielded his eyes from the light. When she spoke he looked up quickly, but in answer to her question concerning the lesson, he shook his head and said, 'I no sabee.'

Her feeling of half scornful pity gave place to genuine sympathy when she saw his face, the sunken cheeks and brilliant eyes told all too plainly of consumption, and the girl forgot all else but the desire to feed a hungry soul as she opened the Bible at the fifth chapter of Luke.

Slowly and haltingly Quan Lee read of the paralytic who was brought to Jesus, and the girl patiently explained the story in such simple language as she thought he could comprehend. He seemed to understand it all until he read the words, 'And immediately he rose up before them—' Here he stopped and, looking up, asked:—'Did Jesus make him well, allee light?'

'Yes,' answered the girl.

A look of intense interest overspread his thin face as he questioned eagerly:

'When, next week?'

'No, right away,' she answered.

He did not seem to comprehend; he looked at the book and slowly read the words again, then asked:—'Jesus make him well, when—to-morrow?'

'No,' she said, 'Jesus said, stand up, and the man was all well, right off.'

The puzzled look left Quan Lee's face as he listened to her words; he leaned forward breathlessly and clasped his thin fingers together, while the light of divine truth illuminated his homely face.

'Oh,' he said, as if speaking to himself, 'Jesus say stand up, allee well, light off, light off.'

The evening's work was finished and there was a flutter of closing books. Quan Lee seemed scarcely conscious of what was going on; he was trying to grasp the thought of God's omnipotence, and as he rose with the others for the closing song he repeated softly, 'allee well, light off.'

Together in broken English the school sang a hymn, then followed the Lord's prayer in Chinese and the school was dismissed. After all the pupils had disappeared into the darkness, the girl told the little lady of the Sunday-school lesson and she replied, 'Quan Lee has long tried to grasp the truths of Christianity, but the thought of infinite power was so new to him that it seemed hard to comprehend. Let us pray that God may reveal himself clearly.'

The next night was rainy and only a few of the pupils ventured out through the storm, and Quan Lee was not among them. Then the girl went away.

A few months later, in her eastern home, the girl read a letter which contained this paragraph:

'Do you remember Quan Lee? He went home on Christmas day. He died, as a Christian ought to die, triumphantly and with unfaltering faith in Jesus's power to save.'

'It must be,' she mused reverently, 'that Christ can cure a sin-stained soul as well as a diseased body, and Quan Lee is "all well" now.'—'The Standard.'

Famine Orphans In India

An appeal comes to the readers of the 'Northern Messenger' from the Victorian India Orphan Society, of Winnipeg. This society is undenominational and Lady Schultze is the president. Its orphanage, however, is under the care of the Canada Presbyterian Mission in Dhar, India. Mrs. Crichton, the secretary of the society, writes as follows, under date of May 30:—

142 Langside street, Winnipeg.

'We are exceedingly gratified to learn that the publishers of the 'Northern Messenger' have so kindly consented to make our work known through the columns of their widely read Sunday-school paper.

'We are exceedingly anxious to largely increase the income of the society, as, through last year's terrible famine, a much larger number of children were thrown upon the Orphanage than we have funds to support or buildings for them to occupy. A kind friend of the work has promised to put up additional buildings at his own expense to accommodate 50 more, if the society can guarantee their maintenance. About twenty of this number have been secured, so with the valuable help of the 'Northern Messenger' I hope we may very soon get the other thirty, and thus be in a position to claim the fulfilment of our friend's promise. This would be a decided step in advance, but would still leave a large number of little ones without promised support. As far as possible we are endeavoring to assign an individual child to each one who undertakes the maintenance of an orphan, and intend to let them have reports of the child's progress from time to time, thus making the work much more interesting to the subscribers. Seven years is about the average time required to train a child, but according to age when they enter; some require longer and a few less. Though the orphanage was only opened, or rather the society organized, four years ago, some of the boys first taken in are now self-supporting. Quite a large number have been baptized and are leading consistent Christian lives, and many others at their own request are receiving special teaching to prepare them for baptism. During the last famine those taken in during the previous one in 1897 proved very valuable helpers to the missionaries, doing all in their power to help their suffering fellows, even offering to give up their own food that the starving ones might be supplied. We have thus every encouragement to push the work, and are most thankful for every opportunity of getting it more widely known.'

The publishers of the 'Messenger' will be glad to acknowledge and forward any sums sent for the society.

The Wife's Vigil.

('Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.')

She sat at the cottage window,
When the setting sun was low;
And her babe within her weary arms
Rocked softly to and fro.
The night had fallen early,
And she heard the sea-bird's cry;
While by the gathering blackness
She knew the storm was nigh.

Out on the heaving billows
A little boat is tossed;
Weary and faint the fisher crew,
All hope seems nearly lost.
But a woman's voice is pleading
For a loved one far at sea:
'O Father! keep my Jim,' she cries,
'And bring him back to me!'

Wilder the storm is raging,
The lightning cleaves the sky;
A woman's heart is with anguish torn,
As the long, sad hours creep by.
She thinks of herself a widow,
Of him who now may be
Swept from his boat, a helpless prey,
The sport of the cruel sea.

A step in the cottage garden!
A face at the window-pane!
A life given back by the angry waves—
He has reached his home again.
A short time since the bar they crossed,
At the turn of the morning tide::
Though battered sore is their little craft,
She rests in the harbor wide.

A lesson, methinks, is hidden
For each of God's children here;
'The night is darkest before the dawn,'
Then trust Him and do not fear.
For His loving hand will guide us,
'Till the storms of life shall cease;
We shall reach at last the haven fair,
And anchor there in peace.

—Mabel Collier James, in 'Toilers of the Deep.'

The Find-the-Place Almanac

TEXTS IN THE PSALMS.

June 30, Sun.—Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

July 1, Mon.—The Lord knoweth the way of the righteous: but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

July 2, Tues.—Thou, O Lord, art a shield for me.

July 3, Wed.—Lord, lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us.

July 4, Thur.—Thou hast put gladness in my heart.

July 5, Fri.—Thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety.

July 6, Sat.—Thou art not a God that hath pleasure in wickedness.

BOYS AND GIRLS

On Quiet Street

(By Annie Hamilton Donnell, in the 'Christian Endeavor World.')

When the little Clearwaters moved into Quiet Street, it made a ripple of excitement all along the street on both sides. To be sure, 'all along' was very short, it was such a tiny street! You could count the houses on the right-hand side on the fingers of your right hand, and those on the left-hand side on your left-hand fingers. The thumb would not be needed, either, on one side.

There were as many little Clearwaters but one as there were houses on Quiet Street. Bless me, it took both hands, except the thumbs, to count them!

'One, two, three, four, five—it makes me dizzy, Lucretia! I can't count 'em. When

THEY'RE ALL OF 'EM BOYS!

I get under way, they all wiggle, and then there are dozens of 'em!'

Miss Todd sat in her sunny window, looking out between her geraniums. She was talking to Miss Lucretia Todd, her invalid sister. It was necessary to raise her voice a good deal. The invalid's room was across a tiny strip of hallway, and the invalid's ears were muffled among the pillows.

'And O, Lucretia——'

'Well, Ruth, well? what say?'

'They're all of 'em boys, every mother's son! I know it; they all wear pants but the two babies, and the biggest baby wears kilts. And of course the smallest baby's a boy, or he wouldn't be alive in such a mess o' boys!'

Miss Todd's chair swayed back and forth in agitation, and for once she forgot the creaking boards in the floor that rasped Lucretia's nerves.

'And, Lucretia—Lucretia! Mercy, I guess she's fainted away, an' I don't much wonder.'

But the lean, sallow face among the pillows was distinctly conscious. Lucretia was smiling.

'Your voice sounded so dretful die-away, Ruth!' she laughed faintly. 'Anybody'd think the world was coming to an end.'

'Well, I guess it is!' Ruth Todd said grimly.

The furniture vans unloaded the Clearwater 'goods,' one after the other. They were mostly cribs and little beds and high-chairs, the neighbors remarked. Towards night the doors closed on the last piece of furniture—it was a crib—and the last little Clearwater boy. Quiet street settled down into almost its usual calm. There was nothing to disturb it further that day unless it were the glimpses, through curtainless windows, of a troop of little yellow-nightgowned figures cavorting around bare, dismal rooms. When the nightgowns formed in procession and filed up to the tired, sweet-faced little Clearwater mother to be kissed, Miss Todd could count them easily.

'Six,' she murmured softly, 'and that don't take in the two babies. Well, I do declare!'

Everybody on Quiet Street 'declared.' At the first week's end the neatly-printed letters on the corner lamp-post misled passers-by. They should have spelled 'Noisy Street.'

The neighbors on the little street got together and talked it over. There were those among them who advocated eviction, like Irish landlords, but they were put down.

'There ain't a thing to do,' Ruth Todd said briefly, and Ruth Todd was a leader on Quiet Street.

'We can't turn 'em out. We don't own the street, and we don't live in Ireland. They've got as good a right to live in that house as we've got to live in ours. And I suppose all those terrible children's got a good right to be boys—the Lord forgive 'em!'

'We can move out,' a mild little neighbor suggested. And that seemed the only recourse. One by one, they settled down again resignedly.

Ruth Todd 'settled down' last. She kept her front blinds shut all summer, but the slats were ajar. One can see a good deal through open slats. And, woe's me, how much one can hear through them! Lucretia lay patiently on her bed and listened for the shrill voices of little children all summer. She dared not tell Ruth how much comfort they were to her, or how by degrees she came to know the little voices apart and to give their little owners names. It was Trotty's voice she listened for most—a little, high-pitched, clear-toned voice as sweet as an Easter bell.

The summer days grew into summer weeks and months. Then it was early fall. The six little Clearwaters raced all day long, up and down Quiet Street; and, as the time went on, the babies' little legs grew to racing strength, too. They had need to grow up, for on one of the September days another Clearwater baby moved into Quiet Street. It was then the neighbors took up their groaning afresh.

One day—that was when October was getting under way—a terrible thing happened in the tiny, misnamed street. Lucretia Todd was the first to scent disaster. She heard the slow, heavy wheels first.

'Look out and see what's turning into our street, Ruth—quick, open the blinds! That ain't any grocer's waggon or coal-cart. It sounds strange to me, Ruth.'

'It's an ambulance,' Ruth Todd cried out sharply. 'It's stopping there.'

She had flung the shutters wide open. Her voice sounded strained and full of pain, in Lucretia's ears.

'Dear Lord, have pity!' murmured the bedridden woman. It was a prayer.

The Clearwater father had been brought home dead. The tired, sweet-faced mother and the stranger baby stayed only a little while, a very little while, behind him. There were eight little Clearwater boys left in the lonely little house on Quiet Street. They were very quiet and awed. The letters on the corner lamp-post spelled the right name then.

Ruth Todd and the other neighbors went in and performed all the kindly offices. They dressed the eight little silent Clearwaters in their best clothes, and formed them into a little procession, to trudge soberly down Quiet Street after the mother and the stranger baby. There was no racing, and Lucretia Todd heard no shrill voices shouting.

There seemed to be no friends or relatives. The city authorities came and talked about the orphan asylum or the Home for Little Friendless Ones. And then all Quiet Street rose up. There was a 'mass-meeting' at

Ruth Todd's. There were no silent tongues; every one spoke at once.

'Orphan asylum!' cried one indignantly, 'where, first they know, they'll be separated as far as the east is from the west!'

'No, no; we can't let the little fellows be taken to an orphan asylum,' another said warmly.

'I'll take them all home first,' a third exclaimed.

Then Ruth Todd spoke.

'Wait! listen to me,' she said quietly. 'See how you like my way. I reasoned it all out in the night last night. There's eight houses on Quiet Street, beside that house. There's eight poor little lone boys in that house. Eight into eight goes once.'

She waited. They understood at once.

'Shall we do it?' Ruth Todd asked simply. 'Shall we each take one lone, little boy, and keep them here on Quiet Street? Then they can grow up together. You haven't confessed it, and I haven't, but we've all of us grown to love the little things. I'll confess now that I've taken comfort all summer long, watching them through my slats. I've liked to hear 'em shout up good and happy. Shall we keep 'em here on Quiet Street? Eight into eight goes once and none to carry—away.'

There was no hesitation.

'Yes, yes!' the neighbors cried.

But hark! Lucretia was calling.

'Ruth, Ruth, tell 'em to give us little Trotty! Tell 'em my heart hankers for him, Ruth,' she called.

And so it came that the little Clearwaters grew up on Quiet Street.

The Messenger.

Rabbi Ben Josef, old and blind,
Pressed by the crowd before, behind,
Passed through the market place one day,
Seeking with weary feet his way.
The city's traffic loud, confused
His senses, to retirement used;
The voice of them that bought and sold,
With clink of silver piece and gold.

'Jehovah,' cried he, jostled sore,
Fearing to fall and rise no more,
'Thine angel send to guide my feet
And part the ways where dangers meet.'
Just then a beggar, as he passed,
A glance of pity on him cast
And, seeing so his bitter need,
Stretched forth his hand his steps to lead.

'Not so,' Ben Josef cried, 'I wait
A guide sent from Jehovah's gate.'
The beggar left, thus rudely spurned
Where gratitude he should have earned.
As day wore on the hubbub rose,
Louder and harsher to its close.
The old man, weary, sought in vain
An exit from the crowd to gain.

Jostled at every turn, his feet
Stumbled upon the ill-paved street;
Once more he cried, 'Jehovah, where
The answer to thy servant's prayer?'
No angel swift-winged, from thy throne,
Has hither for the helping flown.'
Then came a whisper, clear and low,
'My messengre thou didst not know.'

'For in a beggar's humble guise
His outstretched hand thou didst despise;
Nor cared beneath his rags to find
The heart that made his action kind.
. . . . . .
See now that thou the lesson learn,
Lest he whose face thou canst not see
Should prove a messenger from me.
—Selected.

The Chest With the Broken Lock.

(By Maude Petit, in the 'Methodist Magazine and Review.')

A land of sand-hills and frog-ponds, scrub-oaks and mullein-stalks, garter-snakes and stumps, Pumpkin Hollow, or 'The Holler,' as its inhabitants called it, rolled on its peaceful way, eight miles from the country town and twice eight behind the times.

Such as it was, a stranger reined up his horse to look at it, one sleepy August afternoon. Behind him the road was one long, alternating series of sand-hill peaks and hollows; before him was a far-spreading area of stumpy farms, dotted here and there by small houses, built mostly of logs. To the west the smoke of a saw-mill curled slowly upward, and nearer at hand stood a dwelling-house, considerably larger than the rest, and more suggestive of the well-to-do farming population in which our country abounds. It had been painted white, but weather and storm had worn it to a dingy gray, save where it was protected by the old-fashioned verandah across the front.

The stranger gazed at it with an interest which suggested that he was perhaps not quite a stranger. He looked as if his past were linked to it in some way. Yet his appearance did not suggest any connection with 'The Holler.' Everything—his fine black suit, his eyes full of the flash and dart of thought, even to his delicately kept nails, all were out of keeping with the place. He was a fine, erect figure on his prancing black steed, a man somewhere in the early forties, and his curly hair prematurely whitened, added a refining touch to a massive forehead. His face was clean-shaven, slightly ashen, and he bore the decided stamp of a minister. There was even a touch of John Wesley in his face. Wesley, come back from the dead, could hardly have looked more compassionately on some broken-down church, than did our traveller upon that hillside home.

'Twenty-three years! Twenty-three years!' he murmured.

Then he sighed as he looked over the country.

"A poor inheritance—a miserable inheritance to divide mother and son so long—brother and brother!'

He started his horse at a slow walk westward. It was six o'clock; the mill whistle shrieked and the few workmen wended their way to their scattered homes. Two of them stood bantering each other at the cross-roads.

'It's Saturday night, Mike. You'll be fur seein' her to-morrow.

'All right, Jake; I know you'd cut me out if you could.'

The two went their separate ways, and the stranger, without appearing to follow Jake, turned, overtook him in a leisurely fashion and accommodated his horse's pace to that of the pedestrian.

'Good evening.'

'Good e'vin',' answered Jake, lifting his hat to the 'gentry.'

'It's a fine evening.'

'Yes, a fine ev'nin', sir. As fine an ev'nin' as there is in this part the country.'

The stranger smiled slightly at this specimen of flat humor characteristic of 'The Holler.'

'Be ye one of them surveyors?' asked Jake.

'No, I am not surveying.'

'Something in the agency line, then?'

'No.'

Now, 'The Holler' boasted of never letting any one pass through without finding out who he was and what was his business. So Jake was by no means nonplussed.

'Maybe, then, you're the new preacher that's to come to "The Holler."'

'No.'

'I wuz a-goin' to say, if you wuz, it's a tough place here. They allus cuts the preacher's harness up the first night, and gen'rally about the third week he's afraid to go out after dark. It's a feller with some grit in him they wants here. Somebody with a bit of muscle to call his own.'

'I think I can satisfy you, my friend,' said the rider, smiling, and drawing his sleeve slightly to show a muscle that would have done credit to an athlete.

'Well, that's not bad,' said Jake. 'But if you been't the new preacher, maybe you're one of those chaps that goes through the country buyin' up cattle an' hogs.'

'No.'

'Or some of them tony relations o' Blake's that he's expecting from England.'

'No.'

The stranger's mouth twitched in a humorous fashion at the corners, and Jake dropped his head and muttered something beneath his breath about 'some hanged old bare-faced priest.'

Thus they moved on in silence for a few minutes.

'Can you tell me a—who lives there?' asked the stranger, pointing in a half-nervous manner to the place in which he had seemed so interested.

'Ah, now I have it. Yer a-speculatin'. Now, my dad's got nigh onto eighty acres o' as fine land as yer ever laid eyes on down the road here. But that Cardwell—'

'What—Cardwell! Did you say the name was Cardwell?'

'Yes, an' a meaner crust you won't find to deal with. Though they do give him credit for treatin' his poor ole mother well. An' so he orter, her blind, an' him—'

'Blind! Is she blind, then? What caused it? How long has she been blind?'

'Oh, it's a matter o' more'n twenty years back. Her first husband's boy and her second husband had some trouble an' he drove the boy out o' the house an' he was never heard on since. The ole lady took on kind o' hard about it afterwards an' she had a fever an' it settled in her eyes. But the land—'

'I'm not buying land. Thank you, my friend. Good evening.'

The stranger started his horse into a brisk canter, leaving Jake wondering why he had thanked him in such an earnest tone. He did not pause until he was out of sight and alone in the forest, and then he gave vent to the sobs so long restrained.

'Blind—blind! Oh, my mother—my poor, dear mother! Blind! then she never saw my letters. Perhaps she never even heard them.'

It was nearly sunset when he turned his horse's head toward the farm-house again. The cattle were coming up from their pasture for the evening milking. A boy was watering the horses at the pump. Was James Cardwell married? Was that girl with the milk-pails his daughter? Was that boy at the pump his son? The stranger rode up the lane to the back gate.

'Can I get a night's lodging here?' he asked, of a portly-looking matron in the door-yard.

'I guess so,' she answered with an amazed stare.

'Here, Fred, take the gentleman's horse.'

The stranger was conducted through the wood-shed, where a half-dozen cats scampered at his entrance, into a large kitchen, where a plump-looking lassie was elbow-deep in pumpkin pies and other delicious mysteries.

'Take a seat there by the fire,' said the good dame of the house.

He wondered why she asked him to sit by the fire in August. Poor fellow! he did not know that she was beside herself over the advent of a so genteel-looking guest in 'The Holler,' that she was wondering whether she had better serve the potatoes boiled with the skins on, for tea, or mashed with turnips; whether the best table-cloth was washed last week, and whether there was enough coal-oil left to fill the lamp in the spare-room.

But she came to her senses at last and bethought herself that he would be more comfortable in the dining-room, 'bein' as 'twas bake-day.'

It was a plain, rag-carpeted room into which he was ushered, littered with sewing. He sat down alone by the open window and contented himself with studying the pictures on the walls. For they generally afford some indication of the character of their owners. But there was nothing especially refining or uplifting about these. Only gaudy colorings of ladies or knights in brilliant clothing. Nothing suggestive of the life of him to whom he had devoted all his years. No scene from the life of the Nazarene—not even a text upon the walls. He sighed, but just then a Sunday-school book lying on the lounge beside him drew his attention. He opened it at the title page, '"The Wanderer's Return," by the Rev. Dr. Lawrence, Professor of Philosophy, etc.,' and a mysterious smile crossed his face. Why did he gaze on that book so tenderly—with something of mother-love in his eyes? Was its author anything to him? He sighed as he looked out over the fields, stumps and the sandhills, and thought of the barefoot boy of thirty years ago. What had that boy to do with the renowned professor and author whose name was on the book-cover? And what had this stranger to do with either?

'There, dearie, I can go alone the rest of the way.'

It was an aged and quavering voice in the hall outside, and the next moment a woman with bowed head and closed eyes groped her way into the room.

'Good evening, sir.'

'Good evening, m—madame—Mrs. Cardwell.'

What was there in this withered old woman to make the dignified stranger stammer so?

She sat down on the lounge beside him and talked of the weather, the crops, etc. The strawberries had dried up for want of rain. The wheat was winter-killed, but the children said the chestnut crop was heavy, and they brought four dollars a bushel, husked.

It was wonderful how interested the stranger seemed in all these little details, even to the goslings that the snapping turtles carried off. Occasionally, a snatch of the conversation in the kitchen would reach his ears.

'He looks like a preacher. You better ask him to ask a blessin' at supper.'

'I dunno; he's a good deal more tonylookin' than old Van Kemp was. He must be a city 'un.'

The supper began to make its appearance at last, and they were summoned out to the kitchen, where the results of all the bustle awaited them.

The family was a good-sized one, six of them besides the girl that had come to help through harvest. Round went the pumpkin-pie and boiled potatoes. They were somewhat shyly silent at table, save for a few remarks about a 'bee' that was to take place next week.

The stranger was struggling to cut a piece of very fat pork with a very thin knife.

'Get the gentleman another knife, Grace. He'll cut his mouth with that one,' said the good-hearted matron.

He glanced around the table and noticed that the little Cardwells' knives all found their way to the little Cardwells' mouths—and even half-way down their throats.

Just for a moment there flashed across his mind a picture of his own sweet home at that hour—a pretty park residence, with stone front and drooping shade-trees, a pretty dining-room, a pleasant-faced wife at the head of the table, a little girl on either hand telling 'papa' their day's doings, and a neat-looking maid bringing in their tea. There was a mist of thankfulness in his eyes as he thought of it all.

Tea over, their guest was escorted into the little rag-carpeted parlor, where he saw the same little paper nick-nacks on the wall, the same bunch of dried ever-lasting flowers, the same tissue-paper wreath, the same well-worn album on the table that you find in every humble home. Before long, poor, blind grandma ensconced herself near him. This stranger seemed to attract her like a magnet.

'Do you know, your voice reminds me of a boy I lost once,' she said, when they were left alone in the room.

'Lost! Did he die, or was he drowned?'

'N—no. He went away.'

'How long ago?'

'Twenty-three years come last Thanksgiving.' The first snow was a-fallin' and he stopped there at the big gate and set his satchel down fur a minute, and then started toward town.'

'Did he run away from home?'

'No! He was driv' away.'

'Some misdeeds, I suppose.'

'No, oh no! That is—well, he had his father's spirit in him. His father died helping to free the slaves in 1860, and poor Malcolm, he never forgot he was a hero's son. He was always for improvin' hisself. He'd study by the hour with his book fastened on the plough, and when he was a-drivin' the cows to water. But his stepfather was always a-pickin' at him, and his half-brother grew up a kind o' jealous-like, for this was Malcolm's father's farm. An' at last ther wuz the money fur the fall wheat come up missin', and they found it in an old chest in poor Malcolm's room. The chest had a broken lock, but James, that's his half-brother, was sure it was in there, so they busted it open, and there, right on the top of some of his father's things, they found it. There was hot words about it. I said some, too. I was hasty them days—God forgive me. My husband driv' him from the house like a thief. They didn't need to tell him twice to go.'

'And did he never write to you?'

'Never a line.'

'Would you forgive him if he came back?'

'Forgive! Forgive!' and the poor woman broke into sobs, 'My boy—God bring back my lost one!' The stranger started up suddenly, and mounted the stairs to the little low-roofed room, where they had placed his valise.

The crimson tints had faded in the west; the stars came out, here a glimmer and there a glimmer in the unflecked blue of the droughty sky; the moon cast her witch-like glamor over the parched earth, and dust-laden trees, but still the stranger was pacing to and fro.

'The same old room—the same old chest, the chest with the broken lock,' and he gave it a careless, half reverential, half dignified thrust with his foot as he passed.

The visions of those by-gone years passed in a fleeting procession before him. The churlishness of his stepfather, for he was but a babe in arms when his father died, facing the guns of slavery. John Cardwell had not been slow to marry the pretty young widow, but from the very first he had looked upon the boy with a jealous eye. There was only 'that brat' between him and the hundred acres of land, that would at least afford a resting place for his lazy bones, and it seemed as if the father's envy had been born in his son, James, the present owner of the farm.

To be sure, Malcolm had been a provoking lad sometimes. He remembered well the time he let the sap boil over in the sugar camp, while he studied Latin verbs out of an obsolete grammar he had borrowed from the circuit preacher. He had been an industrious lad though, always giving good for evil until the climax came that Thanksgiving morning, when the wheat money was missing. He was a lad of sixteen then, and with his innate sense of honor he had as little idea that any one would suspect him as a thief, as that they would mistake him for the Prince of Wales. The money was missed at night. Just after breakfast the next morning, he heard the voices of the Cardwells, father and son, in the room upstairs. Wonderingly he followed them. They were leaning over the old chest where he kept his father's treasures.

'It won't open,' said the father.

'The lock's broke, dad. That key never turns. See, there's a ketch there in the back. Open it that way.'

'Oh, well, it's not there.'

'I'll bet there's where you find it,' answered the boy, with a queer look on his face. 'See here,' and with a quick jerk he raised the lid, and revealed a roll of bills on top of a pile of books.

'Look there! Who's yer thief?'

'Never! never! My hand never put it there!' said Malcolm Lawrence, rushing into the room.

'Whose hand did, then?' asked the brother with a sneer.

'Perhaps the hand that knew so well where to find it,' was the retort that came to Malcolm's mind, but no word escaped his lips. He stood looking into their eyes a moment with a face stern and white, where boyhood seemed suddenly changed into manhood. Then his stepfather seized him by the collar, dragging him half-way across the floor.

'Thief! thief!' he hissed.

'You'll never call me that name again. I'm a hero's son, and I'll prove myself worthy of my father's name.'

'No, I'll not call you that name, for

you'll get out of my house,' answered the stepfather with a cruel blow.

Then the mother had come upon them, and there were hot words from all; mother joining with husband in condemning a guiltless son.

An hour later the heart-broken boy left his father's land to a usurper, and putting down his satchel at the gate, by right his own, he raised his eyes to heaven and entrusted his future to the all-mighty and all-knowing God. The next moment he took the road to the county town. It was a trudge of fifteen miles, and he wasted no time dreaming of idleness and pockets full of money.

After many difficulties and a little discouragement, he found a farmer on the outskirts of the town who offered him his board and a small compensation for doing the chores morning and night. There, rising with the fowls, he managed to get his work done and trudge his two miles to the collegiate institute.

His clothes were a little dingy, and the four young ladies in the back seat used to titter occasionally at the young moss-back. But it was not long before he was the hero of the school. In three years he was an honor matriculant standing on the threshold of Victoria University (then in Cobourg), there to begin a career as hard in its struggle as his collegiate course had been. A scholarship, a grant from the Educational Fund, and a muscle that did not shrink from pitching hay and gathering in the harvests of the summer vacation, enabled him at the end of four years to wear the ermine-trimmed hood of the graduate.

But the young wrestler with fortune did not pause here. He engaged to take charge of a cargo of horses crossing the sea, and one day there arrived at one of the most famous German universities a dusty, almost penniless young traveller, who was destined to win the gold medal of post-graduates in philosophy. It was a hard struggle. He shirked no honest work to earn a farthing, and contented himself with the most meagre fare in his book-lined attic, 'up four pair of stairs.' But the conflict told upon his health. Shortly after receiving the degree of Ph.D., he was prostrated by a fever, which added to his dignity a crop of snow-white curls, though he was not yet thirty.

He returned to Canada, where he was given the chair in philosophy in one of the most prominent universities, and where he took unto himself a refined and gentle wife, 'the grandest woman in the world' in his own eyes. In spare hours he had found time to write a charming and ennobling collection of stories, found in every Sunday-school library in the land, so that though the name of the Rev. Dr. Lawrence had gone in gilt letters on a book-binding into his very home, yet he returned to-night an unknown traveller to old 'Punkin Holler.'

Often in his wanderings he had written back to his mother, but no answer came, and he knew now that she had never seen his letters. The guilty hand that put the money in the chest would take care that he should not return to claim his own. How would James Cardwell receive his stranger brother?

Then, tired with his long ride, he slept. It was late in the night when he was awakened by the rumbling of a waggon coming up the lane. His brother was doubtless coming home from the county town. Dr. Lawrence rose and looked out of the window to see if the moonlight would reveal any changes that years had made. A span of horses, a black and a grey, an old lumber-waggon, and what looked like a coat thrown across the board seat—and that was all he saw. He looked down the lane to see the driver follow, but all was deserted, and the horses stopped with a weary, jaded look at the drinking-trough. A big watch-dog suddenly came forth uttering its deep bay; and then there was a sound of boy's boots on the verandah and the eldest son came out, looked up and down the lane, then went toward the barn.

'Dad! dad!' he called, but no answer came.

'Dad!' a little louder.

The boy walked down to the end of the lane and looked down the road while his mother stood, her elbows akimbo, looking after him. The watch-dog continued his deep-mouthed bark, sometimes prolonged into a mournful howl. Then a heavy cloud swept over the moon and a mysterious darkness veiled the scene.

Dr. Lawrence lay down to rest again. Ding ding, ding. The same little old clock in the kitchen was striking the hour of twelve. What did it mean, the driverless team coming home at midnight? A few minutes later the light of a lantern moved along the bedroom wall, and he saw the bright spark go down the road a half-mile or so, then return. There was a sound of voices in the kitchen, and the lad rushed upstairs two steps at a time, and bolted straight into Dr. Lawrence's room without the ceremony of a knock (they weren't troubled about ceremony in 'Punkin Holler').

'Say, dad's come up missin'. The horses came home without him, and ma wants to know if you happened to pass a lumber-waggon and a man in a duck suit anywhere on the road.'

'No.'

'I suppose he's got full at Brown's tavern and the horses run away and throwed him out. That black mare's skittish, anyhow.'

'We'd better search at once, then,' said Dr. Lawrence. 'Does he ever take that cross-road through the woods?' he asked, betraying a knowledge of the section that in an hour of less excitement would have been remarked in a stranger.

'Once in a while he does. It's hard to say which way he'd come.'

'Well, you take the main road, then, and I'll go through the woods. Will you please light that lantern for me,'

It was a strange experience for Dr. Lawrence, that midnight ride through the forest. The road was partly broken, partly sodded; the branches of the chestnuts and the elms interlaced overhead; sometimes there was the bark of a fox in the distance, and the startled rabbits scampered through the underbrush, while all around one heard the little mysterious noises with which the forest teems at night.

It might have been a half-hour he had been picking his way along, when his horse suddenly shied, neighed violently, and reared on its haunches, almost dismounting her rider.

'Whoa, Jenny! Whoa!'

He lowered the lantern still further, but the road seemed perfectly bare.

'Go on, Jenny!'

But the horse stood stone still. He dismounted and, reins in one hand, lantern in the other, peered carefully along the road side. A man's boot in the brushwood, then the heavy frame of a stout, squarely-built figure rewarded his search. He seemed to be sleeping with his head on a log, where he had fallen. His face was pale, but bloated from the effects of liquor. The light of the lantern seemed to awaken him as from a dream. He looked up for a moment at the figure bending over him, the clean-shaven face, the white curls, the clear shining eyes. A look of unrest crossed his face.

'Oh, God! Is it the day of judgment? It's Malcolmn. It's my brother. 'You've come back for your land. I knowed you'd come to claim it some day.'

'No, brother, you are mistaken. The Lord has blessed me wonderfully. He has given me enough, and I would not take the roof from over your head.'

A vacant look filled the eyes of the prostrate man for a moment.

'Where am I? Ah, I remember. That hanged mare threw me out on this log. If I should die, tell Fred not to take to the drink like his dad. Tell him to work hard; there's a little mortgage against the place, a hundred dollars or so, for that reaping machine.'

'I will pay it. The boy shall not start life encumbered,' answered Dr. Lawrence.

'You! You pay it! You that I wronged! Ah, man, you don't know what I did. I took that money and put it in the chest in your room, and I burnt the letters you sent home.'

'Yes, I know; but I forgive you. Ask God's forgiveness now.'

'And the old woman?'

'My mother—our mother, do you mean? I will care for her. She shall never want. But you yourself: is it all well with you?'

'Oh, it's dark, dark.'

Have you never looked to Jesus who loves you and died for you? "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." "Whosoever believeth on Jesus Christ shall not perish, but have life eternal."'

And there in the silence of the forest angels hovered near, yes, and the living Christ, to hear one of earth's heroes tell that story of the cross. It was a scene for the brush of an artist, lighted there by the lantern's smoky glare—a repetition of Joseph's meeting his brethren, but there was none save the recording angel to preserve it.

But a strange thing happened. James Cardwell did not die as was expected. Good medical attendance restored him, and one Sabbath morning the little church in the Hollow was thrilled by James Cardwell, toper and beat in horse trades, rising to his feet and testifying to the saving power of Jesus. Is there any proof of the resurrection like this? The rising of a human soul from out the pit of sin and degradation?

Then the story was noised abroad of how Malcolm Lawrence, the barefoot boy, had risen to become a Doctor of Philosophy and wide-read author, and the place of his boyhood did honor to its hero.

A doctor who was attending a man suffering from the effects of drink, prescribed for him the liquor from some quassia chips he had soaked. When the man got well he came back to the doctor and asked for more. The doctor said: 'But you are quite well now.' 'Yes,' he replied, 'but I want some of that medicine that will not allow me to drink.'

The Author of the Word 'Teetotal.'

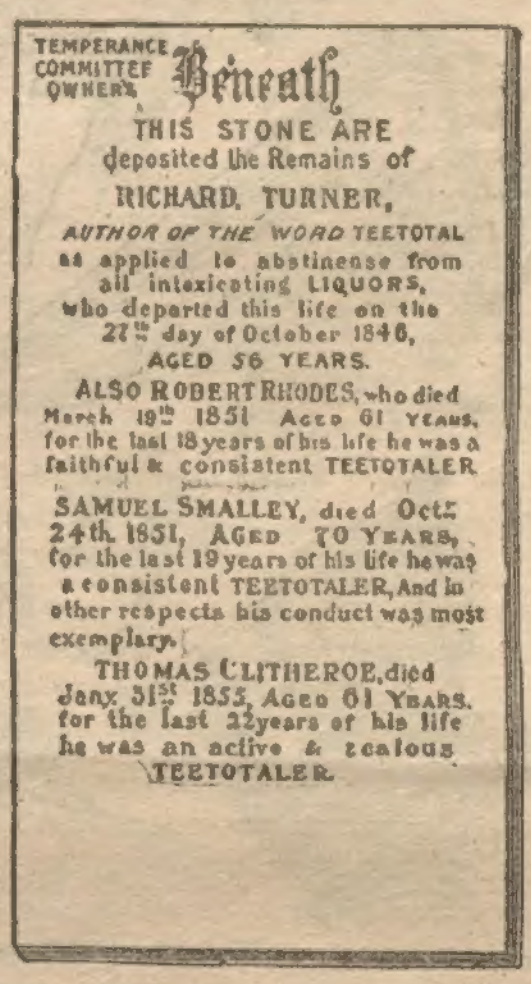
(How Dicky Turner coined the word at a temperance meeting.)

Probably not one man in ten knows how the word 'teetotal' originated. From the interesting photograph which we reproduce on this page our readers will be able to see that the author of the word was Richard Turner, the fact being recorded on the stone which marks his burial-place in the graveyard of St. Peter's Church, Preston.

The story of the birth of this famous word has been recorded in the following words by Mr. Joseph Livesey, one of the Seven Men of Preston:

'Up to the memorable evening when the word dropped from Richard Turner's lips

RICHARD TURNER, THE INVENTOR OF THE WORD "TEETOTAL."


TEMPERANCE COMMITTEE OWNERS
Beneath
THIS STONE ARE
deposited the Remains of
RICHARD TURNER,
AUTHOR OF THE WORD TEETOTAL
as applied to abstinense from all intexicating LIQUORS,
who departed this life on the 27th day of October 1846,
AGED 56 YEARS.
ALSO ROBERT RHODES, who died March 19th 1851 Aged 61 Years, for the last 18 years of his life he was a faithful & consistent TEETOTALER
SAMUEL SMALLEY, died Oct. 24th 1851, AGED 70 YEARS, for the last 19 years of his life he was a consistent TEETOTALER, And in other respects his conduct was most exemplary.
THOMAS CLITHEROE, died Janx 31st 1855, Aged 61 Years. for the last 22 years of his life he was an active & zealous TEETOTALER.

TURNER'S TOMBSTONE IN PRESTON CEMETERY.

we had to phrase the principle of abstinence from drink as well as we could.

'It should be remembered that at that time there was great contention betwixt two parties, one insisting upon a pledge of abstinence from spirits only and moderation in fermented liquors, the other upon total abstinence from both.

'Richard Turner belonged to the latter party, and in a fervid speech delivered in the temperance hall at Preston (the old Cockpit), about September, 1833, after his usual fashion he coined a new word and affirmed that "Nothing but the te-te-total would do!"

'I remember well crying out, "That shall be the name!" amid great cheering in the meeting. Witnesses say that along with this I patted him on the shoulder; but this I do not remember.

'When Dicky used this word it was intended to affirm that moderation in beer and wine was delusive, and that nothing but the teetotal—that is, entire abstinence from all kinds of liquors—would do.

'It has been said that the term was a Lancashire provincialism, but of that no satisfactory evidence has ever been given. It has also been attributed to his habit of stuttering, which is a decided mistake. The truth is that Dicky was never at a loss for a word. If a suitable one was not at his tongue-end he coined a new one; and, had we thought it important, we might have preserved a list of these.

'With all this he had natural eloquence, and always produced a deep impression upon the working people. One of his sentences is worth repeating. Urging us on to our work, he said: "We will go with our axes on our shoulders, and plough up the great deep, and then the ship of temperance will sail gallantly over the land."

'"Indeed, if I make blunders," said he, "you must expect them." He was a worker, and that, with us, covered a multitude of other defects. He never could do too much.

'In 1846 Richard undertook a mission on his own account to the South, preaching teetotalism all the way to London, where he attended the World's Temperance Convention. He went as far as Southampton, from whence a letter came, saying, "Let Dicky be sent everywhere, as he will do much good."'—'Sunday Companion.'

The Trial of Deafness

Few realize what a trial even partial deafness is. It shuts one out from much that is enjoyable.

One of the brightest women I know, who unfortunately suffers from impaired hearing, told me how unpleasant it had been for her when in the company of two of her dear friends. She said there would often be some subject of special interest to her, of which she would speak, and the others would take it up and carry on the conversation between themselves, entirely ignoring her. As I knew her to be decidedly the superior mentally of the others, I was sure they were the losers in not taking pains to include her in the conversation, as they could have done by a little effort.

Another lady told me of a painful experience. She was an extremely sensitive person; an unkind word was like a blow to her at any time. By a severe illness her hearing became impaired; some time later she was visiting friends.

One morning she failed to hear the breakfast-bell; later one of the family asked if she had not heard the bell; she replied that she had not. The person who had asked the question immediately seized the bell, and rang it with a deafening clangor about her ears, asking, 'Do you hear that?'

I do not think the cruelty of the act was realized, but it was cruelty, just the same.

A gentleman of my acquaintance—a brilliant, talented, educated man, has lately been compelled to relinquish a beloved profession, one in which success was attending him—on account of deafness. He and his wife were both fond of society, and fortunately for him he has a most sensible wife. She immediately felt it would be an unwise step for him to avoid social life, and encouraged his going out, accompanying him as usual, and always taking pains to keep near him, and by dropping a few words now and then to him would keep him in touch with the conversation; and as he possessed quick perceptive faculties and was a most excellent talker himself, much of the unpleasantness of the situation was relieved for him. A few words by way of explanation to the afflicted one will often assist a person of ordinary intelligence who is thus afflicted and carry him along with the train of conversation.

Never laugh at any mistake a deaf person may make through misunderstanding. It is the height of rudeness to laugh at another's misfortune.

If any of the afflicted should chance to read this, one word to them: do not imagine people are talking about you, if you do not hear all that is said; nine times out of ten, they are not, and don't seclude yourself on account of deafness. It is a trial, but bear the burden and deprivation bravely.

Try to enjoy the spirit of a religious service if you cannot hear the sermon.

I well remember a good old 'Father in Israel,' who used to ride a dozen miles, Sabbath after Sabbath, to be in his place in the house of God, who never heard a word of the sermon. He had lived long past the allotted three score and ten. He was both an inspiration and example to the young.

Impaired hearing is a great affliction, and I would beg of the young especially to be as kind as possible to the afflicted. It is oftener for want of thought, I am sure, than want of feeling that you are ever otherwise. Want of thought causes many of the heartaches in life, but try in this as in every other case to remember and follow the teachings of our blessed Master—'Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.'—J. C. Holmes, in 'Wellspring.'

Merry June.

Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
Flow the little brooks
In and out the shady nooks
Where the minnows play.
Chirp, chirp, the crickets
'Mong the tangled thickets,
All making music
For the sweet June day.

Up in leafy bowers,
Safe from summer showers
Baby birdies twitter
In the soft, brown nest.
Underneath are darting,
Coming and departing,
Dainty winged dragon flies
In gay hues dressed.

—Mrs. J. M. Dana, in 'Waif.'

True and Obedient.

'Charlie, Charlie!' clear and sweet as a note struck from a silver bell the voice rippled over the common.

'That's mother,' cried one of the boys, and he instantly threw down his bat and picked up his jacket and cap.

'Don't go yet! Have it out!'

'Finish this game! Try it again!' cried the players in noisy chorus.

'I must go this very minute. I told her I would come whenever she called.'

'Make believe you didn't hear,' they all exclaimed.

'But I did hear.'

'She won't know you did.'

'Let him go,' said a bystander; 'you can't do anything with him; he's tied to his mother's apron-strings.'

'That's so,' said Charlie, 'and it's to what every boy should be tied, and in a hard knot, too.'

'But I wouldn't be such a baby as to run the minute she called me,' said one.

'I don't call it babyish to keep one's word to his mother,' answered the obedient boy, a beautiful light glowing in his blue eyes. 'I call that manly, and the boy who does not keep his word to his mother will never keep it to anyone else—you see if he does,' and he hurried away to his cottage home.

Thirty years have passed away since those boys played on the common. Charles Gray is now a prosperous business man in a great city, and his mercantile friends say of him that 'his word is his bond.' We asked him how he acquired such a reputation. 'I never broke my word when a boy, no matter how great the temptation, and the habits formed then have clung to me through life.' — 'Baptist Commonwealth.'

DRAWING LESSON.

The Poisoned Man.

(A True Story.)

I was passing down our village street one day, a few years ago, when I saw in front of me a little group of children, evidently very much pleased at something they were looking at. They were crowding round a little gateway which divided a neatly-kept garden, full of sweet flowers, from the road. I had often admired it, and the fine old apple-trees laden with rosy fruit; but it was not apple time yet, and I wondered what could be the attraction. I was some way off, but I could hear shouts of laughter every now and then, and as fresh children passed along the street on mother's errands, they would all stop to look and jostle one another for a peep within the gateway, or the taller ones would tiptoe over the hedge.

Presently I got up to the laughing group, and what do you think I saw? A man who had been poisoned! Do you think that was anything to be amused at, anything to stare at, anything to stay near at all, unless you could help?

I am speaking the sober truth when I say the man had been poisoned. So he had, indeed, for he had been drinking poison—Alcohol—and had come out into the fresh air from the hot, reeking parlor where he had taken it; and his brain reeled and his legs no longer obeyed him, when he tried to speak wrong words came, everything looked crooked to him and he lurched as if he were on a rough sea, bad and angry thoughts came into his heart so kind before, foul words and curses fell from his lips so gentle and courteous before, and, worse than all else, his heavy hand dealt a cowardly blow to the sick wife, so true and gentle, who was trying to coax him indoors, where his shame would be hidden.

And the children stood outside and actually laughed!

They had done better to shed tears, bitter tears, over the sorrow and shame of what was sometimes a peaceful, happy home, over the broken-hearted wife, the frightened little girls who trembled and crept away when 'Father had had a drop too much.'

Do you know that the Bible says

it is 'fools who make a mock at sin' —it is fools who laugh at the other poor fool who 'puts an enemy into his mouth to steal away his brains.' It is fools who laugh at the sad stories of the idiotic things other poor fools say and do when their brains are poisoned with alcohol. It is fools who laugh at the silly and vulgar pictures in some papers, which think it smart and clever to debase the talent God has given them by drawing those other poor fools as they are when the alcohol poison makes them mad.

I will tell you what happened two or three years only after I saw the village children enjoying the joke of the tipsy man.

The sad-faced woman—as good a wife and mother as ever lived—led a life of sorrow and privation. When she was ill her husband never noticed, and one day she was worse than usual, and she died while her husband was at his work. Before long the two little girls had to be hurried away from the neglected home and the cruel father; one went one way, one another, just as their relations could make homes for them.

The man still went on drinking, and before long he lay in a dishonored grave, to which his own terrible act had brought him.

Do you think those children would have laughed if they could have seen to the end of that beginning which amused them so much? —'The Adviser.'

The Grave Not Dark.

'A little girl of four years old lay dying. She said to her father, 'Papa, does the doctor think that I am going to die?'

He replied sorrowfully, 'Yes, darling.'

'Papa,' she said, 'the grave looks very dark; won't you go down with me into it?'

He replied, 'I cannot go until the Lord calls me.'

'Then, papa, won't you let mamma go with me?' she said.

'She cannot go either, till the Lord calls her,' he said.

Then the dear little girl turned her face away sadly for a while and prayed. Then she looked up with a joyful face to her father, and said, 'Papa, the grave is not dark now, Jesus will go with me.'

And so all her fear was in a moment gone. If Christ is with us when we take this last journey of all we shall, indeed, have nothing to fear. Did not David say, 'Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me?' —'Christian Miscellany.'

Little Folks in Other Lands.

(Little John Chinaman.)

To be sure he lives 'way, way off' in China, and wears what you think are queer-looking clothes, and sleeps and eats in a house that looks more like some of the toy houses you have than anything else. But do you know he is just as happy as if he lived next door to Tommy, or across the street from Katy, and ate bread and milk out of a lovely blue and white bowl like yours? His toys are not exactly like yours, all of them, but they suit, for he is used to them. And, besides, many of those you boys play with come from China. What would Fourth of July be without all the crackers and squibs that make such a beautiful noise with their bang! fizz-z-z? These originally came from China.

This small boy has something to be thankful for that no small boy in almost any other nation is ever obliged to think about; and this is the fact that he is a boy. Now perhaps you smile to yourself and say that you have often been thankful that you are a boy. But that is very different from what I mean. In unenlightened China it has been the custom until quite recently, (and it is still in some parts of that country, I believe) to drown the first child born into a family if it should prove to be a girl instead of a boy. What would you think of that?'

The Chinese child is what we call in this country a 'happy-go-lucky' little fellow, and enjoys his two cents' worth of rice a day quite as much as you do your roast chicken and ice cream.—'Morning Star.'

Uncle Dick is so happy and jolly. We boys like him a lot.'

'You know why, don't you?'

'He says God is his friend, so he is happy. And he says the birds and blossoms are all jolly. Why shouldn't he be? I'm going to be a jolly Christian, too, some day.'

'Suppose you begin now?'—'Mayflower.'

What the Spider Said.

'I was spinning a web in the rose vine,' said the spider; 'and the little girl was sewing patchwork on the doorstep. Her thread knotted and her needle broke, and her eyes were full of tears. "I can't do it," she said, "I can't! I can't!"

'Then her mother came and bade her look at me. Now, every time I spun a nice silky thread and tried to fasten it from one branch to another, the wind blew and tore it away.

'This happened many times; but at last I made one that did not break, and fastened it close and spun other threads to join it. Then the mother smiled.

'"What a patient spider!" she said.

'The little girl smiled, too, and took up her work. And when the sun went down there was a beautiful web in the rose vine, and a square of beautiful patchwork on the step.'—'The Adviser.'

The Reason.

When Minnie and Mamie are both at play,
Everything runs in the smoothest way;
Each dear little face is so sunny and sweet,
To watch them together is surely a treat.

They never quarrel and disagree,
Nor snatch the playthings, nor come to me
With pitiful stories, as Jennie and Sue
When they play together are sure to do.

I wondered what the reason could be,
Since they all are sweet little girls, you see,
So I called them up and the case made plain,
And asked if they could the riddle explain.

And Minnie looked puzzled and shook her head,
But our wise little Mamie quickly said,
With a wee, droll smile: 'I think it must be
'Cause I let Minnie, and Minnie lets me!'

—Selected.

LESSON I.—JULY 7.

God the Creator of all Things

Genesis i., 1, to ii., 3. Memory verses, 26, 27. Read John i., 1-3.

Golden Text.

'In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.'—Gen. i., 1.

Lesson Text.

(26) And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness: and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth. (27) So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them. (28) And God blessed them, and God said unto them, Be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it: and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth. (29) And God said, Behold, I have given you every herb bearing seed, which is upon the face of the earth, and every tree, in the which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed; to you it shall be for meat. (30) And to every beast of the earth, and to every fowl of the air, and to every thing that creepeth upon the earth, wherein there is life, I have given every green herb for meat: and it was so. (31) And God saw every thing that he had made, and, behold, it was very good. And the evening and the morning was the sixth day. (1) Thus the heavens and the earth were finished, and all the host of them. (2) And on the seventh day God ended his work which he had made; and he rested on the seventh day from all his work which he had made. (3) And God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it: because that in it he had rested from all his work which God created and made.

Suggestions.

In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. In the beginning was the Word (Jesus Christ), and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. All things were made by him and without him was not anything made that was made. In him was life; and the life was the light of men. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters. Thus we see that all things were created by the hand of God the Father, Son and Holy Spirit.

The six days of creation were not days of twenty-four hours each. Science and geology have proved that each of these days was an age in which some definite creation was accomplished. When we speak of things that happen in our day, we do not refer to any particular twenty-four hours. Nor when we speak of the day of Nero do we mean to confine him to a seventh part of a week; it was his day as long as he reigned. Much less are the days of God limited, for a thousand years in his sight are but as yesterday when it is passed, and short as a watch in the night. (Psalm xc., 4; II. Peter iii., 8). The first age after the creation of all material, (the nebulous earth and heavens) saw the separation of light from darkness. The second saw the separation of the waters and the making of the firmament, the setting in order of the planets and stars. The third day or age saw the Earth separated from the Seas and the creation of all vegetation, grass, herbs, and fruit trees. On the fourth day God made the lights in the firmament to be for signs and seasons, the sun to rule the day time and the moon and stars to give light at night. On the fifth day God created animal life, first fish and fowl, and on the sixth day every other kind of living creature, crowning the ages of creation with the most marvellous of all God's handiwork, a living man with a spirit made in the likeness of God's own spirit with every faculty for fellowship with God himself. God created man not in his own bodily likeness, for God is a spirit, and it is only in spirit that we can resemble him and have fellowship with him. Adam and Eve had every faculty for holy and happy fellowship with God but their faculties needed to be trained and cultivated by personal contact with God and exercise in obedience. As long as they obeyed God they were happy. God set Adam and Eve in the beautiful, great Garden of Eden, and gave them rule over all the lower creation and made the birds and beasts subject to them. And God blessed Adam and Eve and gave them the same powers of fruitfulness as have the trees and the birds and the animals. God is the fountain of life, and as he has given life to the world he has given also the sacred powers of reproduction. To Adam and Eve was given the sacred task of the propagation of the human family, a sublime duty which passes from generation to generation and should be undertaken only in the fear of God and the surety of his blessing.

And God saw everything that he had made, and behold, it was very good. And on the seventh day God rested, and set apart one day in every seven for man to rest and to enjoy the fellowship with his Creator. We observe Sunday as our day of rest and worship, and those observe it best who come into closest fellowship with God on that day. Our reason for celebrating the first day is that Christ then rose from the dead.

On thee at the Creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee, our Lord, victorious,
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee, most glorious,
A triple light was given.

Lesson Hymn.

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display;
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice, nor sound,
Amidst their radiant orbs be found?
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing as they shine,
'The Hand that made us is divine.'
—Addison.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, July 7.—Topic—Religion and patriotism.—Rom. xiii., 1-7.

Junior C. E. Topic.

OUR NATION'S HISTORY.

Mon., July 1.—God's providence.—Ps. lxiv., 1-3.

Tues., July 2.—God's wisdom guides us.—Ps. xxxii., 8.

Wed., July 3.—The faith of the fathers.—Ps. xxii., 4.

Thu., July 4.—The joys of union.—Ps. cxxxiii., 1.

Fri., July 5.—Our hope for the future.—Ps. cxliv., 11-15.

Sat., July 6.—The blessings of peace.—Ps. xxix., 11.

Sun., July 7.—Topic—Lessons from our country's history.—Gen. xii., 1-3.

The Medicine Flask.

In a pleasant little home in one of the apartment houses on the east of New York, sat a happy young mother with her two children, a little girl of four and a baby boy. The father, who was a small tradesman, was away taking fall orders, it being now about the first of September, but he was expected home the next day, and with a glad heart she held her daughter on her knee and told her, papa would be home in the morning. And the little one laughed and prattled sweetly, and as she knelt to say her 'Now I lay me,' added, 'Please, Dod, tate care of papa and bring him safe home.'

The mother tucked her up and gave her a good-night kiss, smiling to see the eyelids droop upon the rosy cheeks, then sat down to finish a little dress for her, humming a happy song.

Meanwhile the train sped over the rails, bringing the husband homeward. In the early morning he landed at Jersey City, crossed the ferry, and hurried with joyous steps to greet his wife and children.

The trip had been a success. A goodly number of orders had been secured. There was nothing to mar the pleasure of homecoming.

His wife met him at the door with uplifted finger. 'Hush,' she said, 'the children are not awake yet. Come into the kitchen, and let us have a good talk before Mary is up.'

He set down his bag and hung his overcoat on a chair, first taking a travelling flask from the pocket and laying it on the table.

'Have you needed that?' asked his wife.

'Oh, no,' was the answer. 'Have been perfectly well, but it is a good thing to have in case of trouble. Can do no harm, and may be very useful.'

Then they passed through into the kitchen, and were soon absorbed in happy chat.

How long it lasted they never knew. It was interrupted by a fall in the dining room; and looking in, they saw little Mary senseless upon the floor.

'What can be the matter?' cried the father, catching up the little white figure. 'See, she has on one shoe and stocking. She was dressing, and heard my voice and started to come to me.'

'Oh John,' gasped his wife; 'the whiskey! Look!' and she held up the flask, from which three or four ounces were taken.

The glittering glass had evidently caught Mary's eye, and child-like, she had stopped to taste, though how she swallowed such a draught no one has ever been able to understand. The father sank white and trembling into a chair. The mother caught the child from him and shook her violently to waken her, but in vain. The head fell back and the arms dropped heavily.

'We can do nothing. We must have a doctor!' she cried.

He staggered to his feet and reached for his hat. 'We will take her to one—not wait for one to come,' he said.

The still sleeping baby was hastily given into the care of a neighbor, and wrapping little Mary in a shawl, they rushed into the street. At the end of the block they met a policeman, who told them the quickest help was in Bellevue Hospital, and thither they hastened.

The child was carried into the baby ward, and the fight for life began. All day doctors and nurses worked over the little form, while the sorrowing parents looked helplessly on. A Fifth Avenue physician came and sat by the men, murmuring, 'This is too bad, too bad,' and racked his brain to think of remedies. It was by his order that electricity was applied and oxygen gas poured into the lungs, in the vain hope of preventing the deadly paralysis, which had involved all the rest of the brain, from extending to the motor centres which con-

trolled the muscles of the chest and heart. But the red corpuscles of the heart were too far affected by the alcohol to be able to take up the oxygen. The breath grew fainter, and the heart beat more feebly through the night. In the morning they ceased, and the very doctors turned tearfully from the bed.

Hospital rules had been set aside, and the mother asked to remain with her child all night. The father, who had gone home to care for the baby, came in just after the end. But over their sorrow let a veil be drawn.

But even this was not the end for them. There remained not only the desolate home-going and laying away of the dead, but the ordeal of the coroner's jury. It was a poison case, and no doctor could give a certificate. The little form had to be given up to the knife to prove that death had really been caused by alcohol. But no trace of any other poison could be found.

Little Mary had died of one drink of whiskey from the medicine flask which her father had set down, saying :—'It is a good thing to have in case of trouble. Can do no harm and may be very useful.'

So ended the happy home-coming.—From the 'Christian Safeguard.' Authority unknown.

Don't Want Men to Drink.

A lady in one of our large western cities tells how she prepared to contribute to the interest of a temperance day in her Sunday-school. She says :—

'I selected thirty of the leading business firms of the city and addressed personal letters to the head of each firm. I varied these notes according to the business, but the one idea of all was the same, namely, "Is there room in your line of business for an exceptionably capable young man, who has every qualification for business except that out of hours he drinks in moderation and with his friends?" In some of these letters I made straight application for positions, in others I asked advice regarding such a young man's prospects of business success; in others I asked the question whether in selecting or engaging their employees, the firm made any inquiries concerning the drinking habits of applicants, and if so, whether it was to their prejudice that they drank in moderation. I wrote to insurance companies, asking what risks they took on drinking men. I wrote to wholesale merchants, retail merchants, editors, college presidents, bankers, lumbermen, wheat men, heads of public institutions—surely a mixed and motley crew, from which I might well expect a variety of answers. I forgot to mention with the rest the general manager of three important railways.

'Now, listen: In five days I had answers from every man but one, and afterwards I learned that he was out of the city until some time later, when he told me he still wanted to be represented, and would give me an answer. In five days those thirty men had responded, each for himself and without knowledge of the others, and all the same story. Not one had any time or use for men in their business who drank.'

These letters were read before the school, a good teacher having been chosen for each one; and the result was certainly an impressive and effective service.—'Presbyterian Banner.'

A few years ago the driver of a pleasure brake at a seaside town went every day during the summer on a drive that included a very dangerous bit of road. The least mistake on his part might mean a serious accident. One day he drove carelessly and the horses were only saved, as if by a miracle, from going over the cliff, carrying the brake-load of passengers along with them. The next morning the driver went to the spot, looked at it, and said :—'Never again.' What did he mean? That he would never again take a glass of beer or ale. He knew perfectly well that he would have made no mistake if he had not been drinking freely on the road. Fortunately he has kept his vow and been a teetotaler ever since. A wise man, though he may not be always wise enough to keep out of danger, does not rush into it again. —'Temperance Record.'

Correspondence

Smithfield.

Dear Editor,—I have three sisters and one brother. I have two pets, a dog and a cat. My mamma has taken the 'Messenger' for two years. I go to school and have about half a mile to walk. I have about five miles to go to church. My teacher's name is Miss Gammell. My birthday is on May 11. ETHEL G. W. (Aged 9.)

St. Eustache, Que.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' since I was four years old. I have a pet kitten, it is black and white. I call it Kittie. I have no brothers. I have one little sister five years old; her name is Bertha. I live on a farm and we have twenty-eight cows and six horses, eight pigs, thirteen sheep, and six little lambs. Papa is making maple-syrup; it is a very bad year, it is raining nearly all the time. I go to school every day; I am in the third reader. I am taking music lessons and like them very much. I wonder if any little reader of the 'Messenger' has the same birthday as mine, July 6.

ETHEL H. C. C. (Aged 8.)

Victoria, P. E. I.

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Messenger' ever since I can remember. My father is a farmer. We live near the seashore, and we also keep two lighthouses. I have three brothers and five sisters. I go to school nearly every day. Our minister's name is the Rev. Mr. Dawson; we like him very much. I am twelve years old, and my birthday is on Jan. 13.

ADA. W.

Hamilton, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live in Hamilton. I think it is a very pretty place. I am a member of the Wentworth Street Baptist Church. I get the 'Messenger' at Sunday-school. I have two sisters and four brothers. With my best wishes to your paper.

B. B.

Algonquin.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm. My papa has twenty-three cows, four horses, and a colt. My brothers have taken the 'Messenger' for three years. We all like to read it. I go to school and take music lessons. I have four brothers and two sisters. My papa has a sugar bush, and my birthday is in sugar-making time—April 6. I am ten years old. I have an aunt and an uncle living in Florida.

MARY EDNA B.

Roebuck.

Dear Editor,—I like the 'Messenger' very much. We take it in our Sunday-school now. I belong to a mission band. We are piecing a quilt. I go to school, and I am taking music lessons. We have a big dog which came here one stormy day last winter. We call him Collie.

HELEN E. (Aged 12.)

Fredericton, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I have been taking the 'Messenger' for almost two years. I like reading the Correspondence. I live in the city. It is almost vacation time, and I will be glad to get away from the din and noise of the city to the lovely country. There are five of us girls and one boy in our family, who is very mischievous. He is four years old. I wonder who has got a birthday the same as mine, Oct. 22.

BERTIE E.

Hunter, N. D.

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Messenger' for nearly six years. I like to read the letters. I wrote a letter once before, so I thought I would write another. I go to school every day. My teacher's name is Miss Hubble, I like her very much. Our school ends on May 24. We will have three months' vacation. I have one sister, her name is Bertha. I have a dog, his name is Tasso; he is a pug dog. We have two horses, their names are Dock and Nellie. My mother keeps a millinery store.

WILLIAM ROY McM. (Aged 11.)

Weston, Mass.

Dear Editor,—I have been getting the 'Northern Messenger' for five years. I look for the Correspondence about as soon as it comes. I am nine years old; I have one sister and three brothers. I am the eldest. My baby brother was born on Jan. 7. We have a pet cat named Chubb. I wonder if anybody else has a birthday on the same day as mine, Sept. 18?

Yours truly, WILLIAM I. M.

Montrose, S. D.

Dear Editor,—I live four miles from town. I go to the Methodist Episcopal Sunday-school. There are twelve girls in my class. Our teacher's name is Miss Cretia Polhemus. My brother takes the 'Messenger' and when we have finished reading the stories I send it to my friend, Rebe P. I am visiting her now. I would like to take the 'Messenger' next year, too. Our pastor's name is Mr. C. M. Knight, and our superintendent's name is Mr. Cross.

ETHEL K.

Montrose, S. D.

Dear Editor,—My birthday is on the first of February. I live two and a half miles from Montrose. I am a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and Sunday-school. My friend, Ethel K., takes the 'Messenger' and she sends it to me. I like it very much. I have three brothers and three sisters. One of my sisters is younger than myself. We have four cats (two of which are mine), and two dogs. There are twelve girls in our class at Sunday-school, and our teacher is my oldest sister.

REBE A. P.

Dear Editor,—I have often read letters in the 'Messenger,' so I thought I would write one, too. I go to a school about a mile from our place. I am getting along well. The teacher said that my brother and I would be likely to pass at the summer holidays. I like the teacher we have. My brother and I are both in the same class. I go to Sunday-school regularly, and we have a nice superintendent, his name is Mr. McIntyre. We all like him. We have five classes in our Sunday-school. I have got a whole lot of little chickens and two little pigs. We have three canary birds. I had a little kitten and it was in the barn, but the dog got in and killed it, so my brother buried it.

AGNES M. Aged 9.)

Brookholm.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Messenger' at Rockside Sunday-school and like it very much. I live on a farm three miles from Owen Sound, the chief town of Grey County. I have a long way to go to school, and it seems a long way in stormy weather. We have fun catching on the sleighs in the winter. I have two brothers, but no sisters. We keep turkeys, ducks, and hens, and my mother gave me fifteen chickens of my own, and I feed them and take care of them.

LAURA C. (Aged 9.)

Clark's Harbor, N. S.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Northern Messenger'; my aunt reads it to me. I have two sisters and one brother. My papa is dead and I live with my aunt, about forty miles away from my mamma and brother. I go to school and like my teacher very much. I have a pet cat, her name is Dolly. I send my love to all the little folks that write to the 'Messenger.

MARY A. C. (Aged 7.)

GENEROUS BEQUESTS.

We have pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of the value of a sovereign from Minnie Butler, Shoal Harbor, Nfld., for copies of the 'Northern Messenger' to be sent to India. This sum will pay for ten copies post-paid one year. The remitter in addition sends a list of four subscribers to the 'Northern Messenger' for Shoal Harbor, which is also gratefully acknowledged.

It is with pleasure we also acknowledge one dollar from George E. Davies, Stanbridge, Que., for the same object.

We understand from those already receiving the 'Northern Messenger' in India that they are much pleased with it.

HOUSEHOLD.

The Value of Milk.

(By B. J. Kendall, M. D.)

The last quart of the milking, or 'strippings,' taken immediately after milking, before it has parted with any of the animal heat is the most valuable thing known to build up a person who is thin and emaciated from any disease. My theory for years has been that the 'strippings' was nearly all cream which I have demonstrated to be a fact. I also believed that when taken immediately after milking, while it contained all the animal heat and before any change had taken place, that it would be absorbed at once into the circulation without going through the ordinary process of digestion. This I have also found to be true.

I direct my patients to begin with one-half pint and gradually increase the quantity until at the end of a week they are taking a quart at a time, or as much as they can possibly drink without causing too much discomfort. This should be followed up regularly twice a day. I have known of cases who could not drink the cold milk or even milk which had stood for an hour or two, and yet these persons could drink a quart immediately after milking without the slightest derangement of the digestive organs. In consumption the patient steadily loses in weight and although the old methods are used faithfully to try and build up the strength, yet the patient steadily loses flesh. It is no uncommon thing for my patients, who have followed my instructions, to gain five pounds a week in weight. No other plan I have heard of has proved so successful.

It should be remembered that it is important to select a cow that is healthy and one that gives very rich milk. Then it is also of very great importance that the very last of the milking, or 'strippings,' should be taken, and of equal importance that this should be taken immediately after milking while it contains all the animal heat. No other food is so natural and none has ever proved so successful. The consumptive will soon find a change for the better if the above instructions are followed. I have tested this plan in hundreds of cases in the last few weeks and I know that there are thousands of cases whose lives might be saved if the above instructions were followed. Of course in most cases a certain amount of medical treatment is also necessary.—'Presbyterian Banner.'

Help for the Drowning.

Drowning accidents are so common and yet so often preventible, if help is only given promptly and intelligently, that everyone should know just what to do in such an emergency. It is probably useless to say what one ought to do when in danger of drowning, for the person in such a situation will not be likely to follow the rules. The body is so little heavier than water that the slightest support, scarcely more than the proverbial straw, will suffice to keep it afloat, if the person can keep cool, avoid struggling, and be satisfied to keep the nose and mouth out of the water while waiting for assistance. If a person is brought out of the water apparently dead, the first thing for the bystanders to do is to get away. If any one among them knows what to do let him assume charge while the others help by keeping at a distance, so as not to destroy the dying man's last chance of getting air. He should first be placed on the ground face down, with the head sloping lower than the feet if the bank is sloping, and the one who is working over him makes pressure with the hands under the abdomen so as to expel any water that may be in the air-passages. Of course if the clothes are on they must be loosed immediately, and then pulled or cut off by an assistant without interfering with the work of resuscitation. As soon as the water has been squeezed out, the patient is to be turned on his back and covered with a blanket, a by-stander's coat, or anything warm, and hot-water bottles or hot bricks, wrapped in cloths, so as not to burn the skin, should be placed about the body and feet underneath the coverings. A very good way to get rid of inquisitive and excited people who persist in crowding around the drowning man and shutting off the air is to send them in different directions to the nearest houses for blankets, hot bricks, bottles filled with hot water and with thick stockings drawn over them, smelling-salts, hot tea or coffee, and anything else that can be thought of. Few of the things brought can be used, but that will not matter.

The Kitchen Range.

A great many people never seem to realize that there is a fine art in managing a kitchen-range. There is, by the way, a very wide divergence in the methods of housekeepers as regards this important kitchen auxiliary. Some of them never allow the fire to go out from year's end to year's end; others make a fresh fire every day. Both contend that their way is the best, and probably could give good reasons for the faith that is in them. There is something, of course, to be said on both sides. In the one case it is claimed that all that is necessary is to throw the draughts wide open in the morning, put on a very slight sprinking of fine coal and have a breakfast fire at short notice; or, if the fire has kept well over night, after a few minutes of full draft and a little shaking down, no coal is necessary until the breakfast is over. This, however, is not likely to be the case unless the fire-box is extremely large and has been well filled the night before. This, as a matter of fact, consumes a large amount of fuel and is by no means economical.

The adherents of the fresh-fire-every-day plan claim great advantages from a thorough clearing-out of the range. The provident housekeeper, who takes time by the forelock, cleans her range out at night and fixes everything so that all that is necessary is to touch a match to the paper or kindling. She has taken off all the covers, brushed the top of the oven well and cleared the grate thoroughly. The ashes are taken up and sifted and the cinders are ready for use as soon as the first fire dies down a little. This will keep the range in good condition until dinner-time.

It takes years of practice and precept to teach some people economy in the use of fuel. To make the most of it, one must have a good range to begin wtih, an excellent draught and must keep the flues clear and everything about the heating-apparatus in the best possible condition.—'Ledger Monthly.'

Tell the Cook

To rub tough meat with a cut lemon.

To use bacon fat for frying chicken or game.

To try dipping sliced onions in milk before frying.

To use tender-boiled asparagus tips for a nice omelette,

That lemon and orange peels are fine for flavoring sauces.

That fried sweet apples are excellent for serving with liver or kidneys.

To steam stale rolls or a stale loaf of bread until fresh and warmed through before serving.

That a squeeze of lemon improves scrambled eggs, and it should be added while they are cooking.

To add a few drops of vinegar to the water for poaching eggs, to make them set properly and keep the white from spreading.

That fresh eggs taken from the shell and boiled in half a pint of sweet cream and seasoned with pepper and salt, form a delicious breakfast dish. They should only cook two minutes in the boiling cream.

That the appetizing mint sauce is best made from three tablespoonfuls of finely-chopped mint, two tablespoonfuls of granulated sugar and a teacup of vinegar. Wash the mint and free it from grit, chop it finely, and put in a tureen with the vinegar and sugar and cover closely for an hour.—American Paper.

The miserably irritable and despondent moods which sometimes possess both children and grown people often need only the fresh air and sunlight to drive them out. When you feel that everything has gone wrong, and that life is a sort of quagmire into which you are sinking, just put on your hat and go out of doors, run on a kindly errand for somebody, if you can, and take deep breaths that will fill your lungs wtih oxygen.

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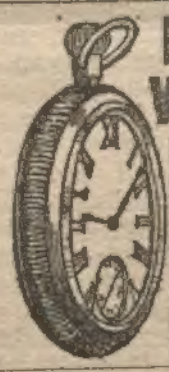

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